



Morning Walk

You in the white stars
Of flowers and the moistness
Of earth. Lace handkerchiefs
Of meadowsweet half hid your fingers
And your lips like blushed berries
Were cloaked by hog-weed.
I drowned your sobbing
With the grating of my shoes
On the rough gravelled lane.
The smell of after-rain
Half crowded, crowded
the morning air.

JAMES B. CRAGG